

SEWING MACHINES.  
\$15 SAVED \$15  
THE NEW  
WILSON  
SEWING MACHINES  
PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE Wilson during the year 1871 have placed it at the head of all competition, and to-day it is without a rival. It is as durable as steel and iron can make it. Every machine of the late Wilson Sewing Machine is warranted five years, and a warranty furnished with each machine.

Remember the Fact, that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination, the rise, and the universal, all agree on high prices, which they, sooner or later, will be forced to reduce on account of the unprecedented rapid and increasing sales of the NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

BEACH & SUTHERLAND,  
355 Main Street, South of Union,  
44-45 St.

MEMPHIS  
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WINTER '71-'72.  
LOTTERY OFFICE.  
J. R. FRANCE—404 North Court st. Post-office box 107.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.  
ORRILL BROS. & CO.—Wholesale Importers and Jobbers, 310 and 312 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY.  
DR. HINSON—Dentist. Office and residence, No. 233 Main street, Clay building.

MAISON AND PLASTERER.  
H. LEMON—265 Second street. All kinds of job work promptly attended to.

CHAIN PUMPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 318 Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS.  
MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm, plantation and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

PORTABLE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIERS, ETC.  
A. HITZELF & SON—Coal oil, kerosene, lamps, etc., 122 Second street.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.  
LEIDY & CO.—Leaders of Fashion, 230 Main street, opposite Court Square.

E. DARYL—Hat store, 237 Main street. Ladies' furs altered, cleaned and repaired.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.  
J. B. HILLS—Wholesale drugist, 211 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

W. N. WATKINS & CO.—Wholesale Drugists, 310 Main street.

J. A. J. SMITH & CO.—Wholesale and retail drug store, 225 Main street.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.  
U. F. CAYANAGH & CO.—Wholesale dealers, 346 Main street.

WALL PAPER—WINDOW SHADES.  
GREENBARK & SANDER—Curtains, and all kinds of Upholstering goods, 242 Second street.

L. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co.—Picture, picture frames, cards, tassels, and artists' supplies, 301 and 303 Main street.

HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTERS.  
DEAN & CO.—Successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., 301 and 303 Main street.

A. F. DAVIS, 211 Second street—Particular attention given to calculating walls in any color.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.  
OWEN LILLY—Carriages, farm and spring wagons, 63 Union street.

BOARDING, SALE, LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.  
M. C. COSTELLO—City Sale Stable, 61 Monroe street. Over 6000 head of stock sold at this stable in the past season.

W. J. BRIDGES & CO.—Proprietors; D. D. Dismukes, sole agent and manager—70, 72, 74 and 76 Monroe street. Stock bought and sold on commission.

W. M. BOOKS—Stock yard and sale stables, 445 Main street. All classes of stock fed and sold.

J. R. MOORE, LEE—43 South Court Square and 44 Madison street. Livery, boarding and feed stable.

SELMAN & HA.—Dealers in mules, horses, etc., 331 and 333 Second street.

LIFE INSURANCE.  
WM. RUFFIN—General Agent, Missouri Valley Life Insurance Co., 9 West Court st.

HOTELS.  
W. W. WHITE, TAYLOR & WATSON, Formerly Clerk, of Baltimore.

WORKMAN HOUSE—White & Schley, p. 177, Victoria corner Main and Adams streets. Board, \$2.50 per day.

MEIGGS HOUSE—Dr. R. H. Boatman, proprietor; Hopewell, Tenn.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.  
BINGHAM & CRAY—241, 243 and 245 Main street, corner Jefferson.

SEEDSMEN.  
H. J. WARD, HERRON WARD, H. J. WARD & CO.—Agricultural implements, etc., 225 Main street.

OTTO SCHWILL & CO.—Agricultural implements, bone dust, land plaster, etc., 177 Main street.

PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.  
LEOPOLD GOETTEL—375 Main street. Pianos tuned, and all kinds of musical instruments repaired.

SEWING MACHINES.  
WILCOX & GIBBS—Improved Noisless Sewing Machine, 213 Main street.

HARMON & MORTON—Agents Florence Sewing Machine, 213 Main street.

GUYLER & HARRIS—Sewing Machine Company, 318 Main st. C. O. Valentine, Agt.

FISH, GAME, OYSTERS, ETC.  
VICTOR D. FUCHS—Depot 41 Jefferson st. FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

H. T. SINNOTT, 282 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, DRUGS, ETC.  
COLE & CO.—Removed to 322 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters' material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.  
M. LUNN—Removed to 223 Second street, Jefferson block.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.  
BOYLE & CHAPMAN—279½ Main street.

JAPANESE AND FANCY GOODS.  
ELLIOTT & HEDLEY—Bertha's baby and children's goods, 219 Main street.

GENERAL RAILROAD OFFICES.  
MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R. R.—Ticket office 22½ Jefferson street.

PUBLIC LEDGER.  
By E. WHITMORE.  
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.  
Fifteen Cents Per Week  
NO. 149  
MEMPHIS, TENN.: WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1872.

PUBLIC LEDGER.  
THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) by E. WHITMORE.  
At No. 13 Madison street.

The Public Ledger is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carrier, by mail (in advance): One year, \$5; six months, \$3; three months, \$2; one month, 75 cents.

Weekly Public Ledger.

Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in advance); clubs of five or more, \$1.50.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Selected manuscripts will not be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion, \$1.00 per square.

Subsequent insertions, 50 cents.

For one week, 3.00.

For two weeks, 5.00.

For one month, 7.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion, \$1.00 per square.

Subsequent insertions, 50 cents.

Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a square.

Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the space occupied, at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their ads.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.

Notices for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to E. WHITMORE, Publisher and Proprietor.

MY DAUGHTER.

The old man sat beside the lock.

Where all day drips the water:

The old wife, in her faded frock,

Still sits and nods by the cottage clock.

But, ah, the little daughter!

I see no more her laughing eyes.

I hear no more her low replies.

Alas, alas, the daughter!

At dawn the birds begin to sing.

And o'er the water

The swallow flies with twinkling wing:

The old folks wake with the waking spring:

But, ah, the little daughter!

No more to list the cuckoo's call.

She roams the woods of the Manor Hall—

Alas, alas, the daughter!

Midsummer brought the young Earl back.

The lord of wood and water.

He met her in the green wood track:

His eyes were wondrous bold and black—

Ah, no, the little daughter!

He would not let her go.

She wept, "I live for the alone!"

Alas, alas, the daughter!

Slow moved the weary months to years:

All day the water drips the water.

feeling makes us wondrous kind," some old chap wrote a long time ago, and all history, and that of Nicipsors in particular, verifies the assertion. A common interest, a common sentiment developed the truth of another old saying, viz: "In union there is strength."

Recognizing this principle of ethics, Miss Polly Poketalk and Miss Betsy Boush determined to call a meeting of the marriageable girls in the settlement in order to form an alliance, offensive and defensive against the common enemy. Even a last year's dress was cut up to make another gown, and the next week, at the residence of Samuel Poketalk, Esq., they met in solemn convocation to deliberate on the affair.

The writer of this veritable chronicle is not called upon to record the proceedings of this august assemblage, nor to discuss the plan of operations that was agreed upon. It is only proper to state that after all the plans had been matured, one voice, hitherto silent, was raised in earnest and eloquent dissent. It was the voice of Laura Boardman, the daughter of the poor widow who lived in the upper edge of Nicipsors. Her "mild" party report, "no other effect, however, than to exclude her from the councils of her sisterhood, and render her an object of suspicion."

Corollary to the main campaign, the details of which are securely locked up in the unwritten archives of Nicipsors, was a grand serenade to be gotten up and executed by female hands exclusively. Be it understood, however, that a serenade in Nicipsors in the days of which we write, was not remarkable for anything but noise. There were no trained voices, and no exquisite performances on stringed or wind instruments to charm the ear and inspire soft sentiments in the heart. The plan, blowing horns and the like were more in vogue, and since these were used by our fathers we confess to a sort of weakness for the same old infernal, ding-dong, uproarious style of proceeding.

The night was set, and came. Each of the fair musicians, Laura Boardman excepted, was punctual in putting in an appearance. Such an array of instruments as was there exhibited would render the leader of a modern orchestra a subject for a lunatic asylum. There were two violins with five strings between them, one banjo with one string, four tin pans, two tin buckets, three cowbells, one blowing horn, and one baby whistle.

Thus provided and equipped, the serenaders called forth, and under a cloudless sky and lighted by a splendid moon, they walked bravely on. It was near a mile to the objective point, and about half way was a large branch, or creek to be crossed. The bachelor had felled a large sapling across the channel, and enough by daylight, but rather ticklish footing by moonshine. The foremost of the party crossed over in safety, but when Nancy Long, the sixth one who assayed the perilous undertaking was about midway the stream, she made a mistake and went down feet foremost in the clear water, where she stood unmoved to daylight. In her fright she dropped her violin which floated off majestically down the stream.

Poor Nancy crawled out unhurt, but this incident so frightened the remainder of the party that none of them would undertake to cross on so frail a bridge. A council of war was called to decide whether the enterprise should be abandoned or not. Those who were already across would not entertain such a proposition, and it was finally agreed that the rest should go up to the ford, a distance of a dozen yards, and wade the branch, as it was very shallow.

Having all crossed over in safety and returned the foot-bridge which had been removed while the wading process was going on, the serenaders again set forward, poor Nancy Long bringing up the rear, her saturated clothing impeding her progress and not particularly enhancing her attractiveness.

About a quarter of a mile further, as they were going up a hill, something white and ghostly suddenly rose up right in their path and confronted them with a threatening snarl. With a terrified shriek, those in front whirled and essayed a retreat in double-quick time. As poor Nancy turned, a root or a stray brush threw her down, and the others, thinking her hurt, stopped to assist her. A crowd of girls and clanging tinware tumbled together in charming confusion. This was too much for the nerves of the ghostly monster, and with a hideous howl and a magnificent erection of the caudal extremity, an old white cow went galloping up the hill. When the frightened girls reached the situation, they burst into a hearty laugh and picked themselves up.

The order was given for another forward movement, and the line of march was again taken up. Without further mishap the abode of the bachelor was reached, and all around it was silent as the grave. A halt was ordered, and the command-in-chief, Miss Polly Poketalk, proceeded to give her final orders.

A rail fence around the house was first to be crossed. Noiselessly the rails, one by one, were laid off, and the whole party stood inside the door yard. A shrill shout on the blowing horn was the signal for the band to strike up.

"Foot! foot! tattle-tattle! ding-dong!" "Foot! foot! tattle-tattle! ding-dong!" "Foot! foot! tattle-tattle! ding-dong!" "Foot! foot! tattle-tattle! ding-dong!"

Thus the winter passed away; spring ripened into summer, and summer merged into autumn. Will Crosby was still the same light-hearted, jovial fellow he was at first. He was invited to every quilting (and Nicipsors had never any quilting) and a winter before, was the soul of every party; the leader in every song, and was, altogether, the first in the hearts of his countrywomen.

But affairs were growing desperate. The petty bickerings that had at first disturbed the peace of the feminine heart of the community had long since subsided, when it became apparent that there was no future to excite the envy of her less fortunate sisters. "A fellow

missing one, and they dared not venture again from under the friendly shade of the woods. New sounds now claimed their attention. The deep baying of old Rover, a hundred and fifty yards up the fence row, had already attracted their notice. In a moment more the "hoopie" of Will Crosby could be heard, and they saw him running across the field in that direction, and that formidable old shotgun at a "ready." While running, as though stricken by an unseen hand, Will Crosby suddenly went down upon his face, the gun again discharging itself in the air. Slowly raising himself up, the fallen man reached forth his hand and disengaged something from his feet. The watchers knew too well what it was he held up in the moonlight. Comprehending the situation, he burst into a hearty, ringing laugh, and calling his dog, he took up the cause of his fall in a tender manner and proceeded to the house.

In five minutes more Miss Polly Poketalk joined her companions, her white, scared face streaked with red, and her eyes filled with tears. They all tried to laugh, but ended in a general cry.

"Where have you been, Polly?" demanded two or three, as soon as they could find their voices.

"Up a tree! was a spiteful reply.

"Tell us how it was."

"Well, you see that hateful old dog took right after me. I believe he snapped my heels two or three times, and I know he tore the skin clean off my dress. Finding that he would catch me, with that old slat-stick-slopstick urging him on, I happened to see a lodged tree, and I climbed up on it out of his reach. I saw that hateful old bachelor coming, and girls, I tell you, I had died before I'd have let him see me. I was trying to jump right on the old dog and try to break his old back when old Will got tangled in his old frock tail and fell down with his old blunderbuss. I wish the whole load had gone into that old dog's head."

During the delivery of this "old" explanation, the sense of the ludicrous again predominated, and they were all in a titter at its close. But mortification soon obtained the ascendancy, and another general "ho-ho-ho" followed. If uncharitable things were said, we must remember the provocation, and not censure them too severely.

"What was it, girls?" demanded Polly. "There isn't a pan nor bucket left in the house, and I haven't a stitch of soap. Shall we wait till old Grumpy goes to bed again, and try to find some of the things we have lost?"

"No, that is useless, for see yonder is old Glasshead got a torch now, and started out to hunt up all he can find."

Sure enough, he had organized a search party, and from their covert they saw him pick up, now a bonnet, now a shawl, and now an instrument of music, all of which he carefully bore away to the house. Too much vexed to talk or even to cry, the fair serenaders set out for home in sullen silence. It matters little how they got there. They waded the branch, to be sure, but there was nothing else in their way to interrupt or retard their progress.

At daylight next morning Squire Poketalk saw a strange looking bundle affixed to his gate-post. Going nearer he observed a note attached, which ran thus:

"This is all I can find. If anything is missing the owner can hunt for it on my place to-day, as Rover and I are going on a visit, to be gone all day."

"Will Crosby."

On opening the parcel, the property was found promiscuously stowed away. Whether anything was missing, we do not know—certainly none was ever sought for.

It is needless to add that Will Crosby's company was not much in demand after that by the young ladies of Nicipsors. He never alluded to the matter in the presence of any of them, but they each felt that they were suspected.

When, in the spring, he took Laura Boardman home as his bride, they were shy of the young couple for long time. Gradually, however, the old friendship was renewed, and of the half dozen old maid "aunties" who now pet and spoil his and Laura's children, there is not one who was not in that serenade. Many a laugh have they had over its incidents, and no one except the actors has ever known all they experienced that eventful night.

Too Much for the Evil.

This is Edward Hale's story. "A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, and he had proposed a question to his Satan, which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three questions to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question was asked concerning theology, to which he answered as he thought proper. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be?"

He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife entered the room with a basket on her head. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said, "I can propose a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet?" The devil gave it up and retired in disgust, and the man was free.

Costumes in Cheyenne.

At a stylish party in Cheyenne, Wyoming, according to the local Jenkins, "the belle of the evening was Miss W. She was dressed faultlessly in a lincey wincey of the palest shade of egg on a soft, cut in frock, and trimmed with Chicago ribbon. Miss H. wore polonaise, made of blue jeans, politioned in the back, cut in a pie with de trop bias, and gored in the most sanguinary manner. She wore no jewel but consistency. Of the gentlemen, one was tastefully dressed in buttoned wammas, lavender pants, and nose to match; pumpkin colored mustache. Mr. C. is a pale, nonchalant youth, with a deeply subcolored manner, very killing with the girls. He wore a glass eye, a more or less antique dress coat, a nobby race and a cashmere goatee. He is a stunner."

The latest style rings and bracelets is the shape of a serpent, with ruby eyes, and the back studded with small precious stones.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.  
E. A. BENSON,  
317 Main Street, 317 Main

— IS NOW OFFERING —

STERLING Pianos from \$425 to \$800

GABLER Pianos from \$400 to \$550

VSE & SONS' Pianos from \$350 to \$500

MASON & HAMLIN Organs \$75 to \$350

Pianos for Sale on Monthly Payments

Together with the largest stock of SHEET MUSIC and MUSICAL MERCHANDISE ever brought to the South.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Country merchants and dealers will please send in their orders, and I can fill them at New York prices for cash or good city acceptances for thirty, sixty or ninety days.

Old Pianos taken in exchange for new ones. Pianos tuned and repaired in a satisfactory manner.

E. A. BENSON,  
317 Main Street, Memphis.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

FRANKLIN

BOOK BINDERY.

Blank Book Manufactory

PRINTING HOUSE,

15 West Court street, Memphis.

S. C. TOOF, : : Proprietor.

BOOKS BOUND AND MANUFACTURED.

FROM A PAMPHLET TO THE FINEST BOOK IN the country, the Eastern market not excepted in quality or price.

Fine Blank Books a Specialty.

SALOON.

"OLD TIMERS."

HU. DUNBAR & SPIKE MOLEN,

Corner of Madison and Second Sts.,

Have established a

Saloon, which is a "Gem."

Call and see it. Lunch from 11 to 2 o'clock.

STEAM GAUGE.

To Owners and Captains of Steam

Vessels, and all others interested in Steam Gauges.

CLARK STEAM REGISTERING GAUGE

HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED

and approved by the United States Board of Supervising Inspectors for application to Steam Vessels, in conformity with the rules and regulations passed by the same board, for the use of the Steamboat Law, requiring the application of Steam Registering Gauges to all vessels propelled by steam or in part by steam, as promulgated by circular order from the Treasury Department, bearing date November 4, 1871.

And being the only Registering Gauge now manufactured,

And offered to the public, filling the requirements of said rules and regulations, we, the undersigned, respectfully call your attention to the fact that we are the sole owners of the right to manufacture and vend said gauges, and are now ready to fill orders therefor in any required number and pressure. We warrant their gauges to be of superior workmanship, and to have been tested by a Standard Mercury Column before leaving the factory. This Gauge is specially adapted for application to all boilers in use for land purposes, it being the first invention in the history of the world brought out at any time for the purpose of registering steam, thus giving to all parties the right to use the same for land purposes, not only protection to life, but absolute protection to property, affording positive knowledge as to whether the boiler under excessive pressure has at any time been strained, which no Steam Gauge now in use except this has been able to give. Parties who are using gauges can readily appreciate its importance, and we cordially invite all such to call upon our office, and be happy to show them the Register and its operation. In proof of their merit, we insert the following testimony:

W. L. WATKINS, D. C., March 23, 1870.

Respectfully,  
CHAS. H. LORING,  
Commandant.

Sig—In obedience to your instructions of the 12th inst., I have examined and tested the Registering Steam Gauge invented by Mr. Clark, and respectfully report, that it is exceedingly simple in its construction, certain in its action, reliable in its indications, and liable to little or no derangement.

I think the device complete for the purpose intended.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
SIGNED: CHAS. H. LORING,  
Chief Engineer, U. S. N.

Respectfully,  
J. W. WHITE & PAYNE,  
JEWELL & BACHUS,  
General Agents South and West.

O. F. FLETCHER, Agent,  
101 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

WALL PAPER.

HOOK & LAGRILL,

— Dealers in —

WALL PAPER

And Window Shades,

326 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.

STAMP GILTS, BRONZES, SATINS AND

Blanks, Pressed Decorations, Center Pieces, Fire Screens, Statues, etc., 10¢-15¢

W. M. DEAN & CO.

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries, Teas,

AND PROVISIONS.

186 and 188 1/2 Poplar St., west of Third City Mills.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

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